

Active Children



If your children are listless, tired and thin, use True's Elixir. It expels worms, and all impurities in the stomach and bowels, purifies the blood—a safe vegetable tonic. Used as a household remedy for half a century, and everywhere commended. Give it to the children at regular intervals to guard against worms.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

gives appetite to dull children, vigor to tired children, healthy sleep and healthful activity. It is one of the most valuable helps for growing children. Expels worms, so frequent in childhood. Restores the natural activity of youth. Give it to the children at regular intervals to guard against worms. Write for free circular.

DR. J. P. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

ESTABLISHED 1795.

New York Price Current

FOR THE BUYERS AND SELLERS OF MERCHANDISE.



FOR more than 100 years the Price Current has reported the Primary Markets for the special use of buyers—it is the recognized authority for such transactions.

Recently we reduced the price of the paper so as to place it within the reach of every Buyer and Seller of Merchandise who wants the facts regarding market values.

The paper is now issued the evening of every business day, in time to catch the business mails out of New York.

The Price Current is confined exclusively to the daily reports of the Markets and Market News. It is

The Merchant's Daily,

and its contents are classified into the following general divisions:

BREADSTUFFS & PROVISIONS	STAPLE GROCERIES
LIVE STOCKS & DAIRY PRODUCTS	TEXTILE RAW MATERIALS
FRUITS, VEGETABLES, CANNED GOODS	THE DRY GOODS MARKETS
LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIALS	METALS & HARDWARE
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS & OILS	MISCELLANEOUS MARKETS

NO MATTER WHERE YOU BUY OR SELL, YOU NEED THE NEW YORK PRICE CURRENT.

Special Coupon Offer to New Subscribers.

The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year in advance. 50 cents a month.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON and send to us with \$1.00 and we will send you the PRICE CURRENT daily for THREE MONTHS.

D. O. HAYNES & CO., Publishers,
396 Broadway, New York.

METAL POLISH.

A.P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

YOU CERTAINLY WANT THE PUREST FINE OLD

KY. TAYLOR WHISKEY

Full Quarts. 8 Years Old.

R. H. HIRSHFIELD, N. E. Agent,
31 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.

For Sale by Case and Bottle by Globe Grocery Co.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced

IT'S PERPLEXING.

Boston Labor Situation Not Yet Cleared Up.

Time And Patience Needed To Right Present Condition.

Great Inroads Have Been Made Upon Accumulation Of Goods.

Boston, March 14.—The labor situation in Boston tonight is extremely perplexing. To give weight to the statements of labor men speaking without authorization, conditions are more critical than at any time since the outbreak of the strike on the other hand, Gov. Crane and the state board of arbitration believe that the problem is being solved quite rapidly and they ask time and patience to remove all obstacles to the resumption of freight traffic under customary conditions. As a matter of fact, the strike was completely broken today, although cases of individual trouble cropped out in many quarters, some being adjusted without delay. Justice by the talk of the men, during the labor months held tonight independent strikes were pending, but the leaders claim to still hold control of the situation and say that they will not again order a strike of the freight handlers or what would be more serious, a sympathy strike of affiliated bodies. Tomorrow will show more clearly the condition of affairs in this respect. The physical side of the strike today presented an army of workmen waiting to get their jobs back. Over 20,000 places had been vacated, but only ten per cent of the men found their places filled. Freight began to move at docks and freight sheds and from and to the wholesale houses and factories, and by night great inroads had been made upon the vast accumulation of goods. The real battle is between the men in control of the labor bodies and the representatives of the great mercantile interests. As for three days past, Gov. Crane stands between the parties at issue. The freight handlers, formerly employed by the New York, New Haven and Hartford and Boston and Albany railroads, held a very animated meeting tonight and voted not to return to work unless taken back in a body. The work handlers also took similar action at their meeting. The expressmen's union and two longshoremen's unions voted to return to work in the morning. The Boston and Maine freight handlers also voted to go back, but inasmuch as the company has already a number of men at work in their places and it is reported as having two hundred more men already to put on in the morning, it is not very clear how many of the old employees will succeed in regaining their former places. The action of the lumber dealers yesterday in closing their yards until next Monday morning amounts to practically a lock-out of the lumber teamsters, and consequently at their meeting tonight no vote was taken that the men should return to work tomorrow, but probably all will go back on Monday.

FOR THE PAST WEEK.

Boston, March 14, 1902.—The total value of contracts awarded on new building and engineering enterprises throughout New England for the past week, as compiled by the F. W. Dodge company, approximates \$1,295,000 as against \$1,104,000 for the corresponding week last year, making a total of \$13,529,000 to date this year as against \$19,460,000 for the corresponding week last year.

About 45 per cent of the contracts are for dwellings, apartment hotels, etc., while 12 per cent is for mills, factories and other manufacturing buildings.

SHIP SUBSIDY BILL.

Washington, March 14.—Throughout the session of the senate today, the ship subsidy bill was under consideration. It was discussed by Foraker of Ohio, McLaughlin of Mississippi and Harris of Kansas. Foraker supported the measure, although he admitted that he would have preferred to build up the American merchant marine by levying discriminating duties. Harris and McLaughlin opposed the measure on the ground that it is not constitutional.

ABOUT THE WINDWARD.

St. John's, N. F., March 14.—The Windward, the Perry Arctic club's steamer, which has been waiting here, will sail tomorrow for New York, to be extensively repaired. She will receive new engine and boilers prior to setting out for the Arctic regions the coming summer for the relief of Lieut. Peary.

HURONIAN NOT LOCATED.

Halifax, March 14.—The steamer Aberdeen returned here this evening from Sable Island. Her captain reports that he was unable to locate the missing Allan line steamship Huronian.

"Better out than in"—that humor that you notice, but be sure it's not you, see, 1-er—can't discharge my wife—Life.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Congregational Church—Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 m. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

Baptist Church—Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. Gile, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 m. Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:45 p. m. All are invited.

Freewill Baptist Church—Rev. Charles H. Tucker, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Other services at the usual hours.

Christian Church—Rev. F. H. Gardner, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening, and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

Old St. John's Church—Episcopal—Church Hill—Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector. Sunday at 10:30 a. m., morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00. Holy days, 10:30 a. m. Evensong Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Fridays, Ember days in chapel at 7:30 p. m. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 p. m. At the evensong service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. At all the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

Christ Church—Episcopal—Madison street, head of Austin street—Rev. Charles W. Brine, rector. On Sundays, holy communion at 7:30, matins or holy communion at 10:30, a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Evensong at 7:30 p. m. On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 a. m., evensong (daily) at 5:00 p. m. On Friday, evensong at 7:30 p. m. Holy communion Thursday at 7:30 a. m. On holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 9:00 a. m., evensong at 7:30 p. m. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

Methodist Episcopal Church—State street—Rev. Thomas Whiteside, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00 o'clock. Preaching service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Junior league at 3:30 p. m. Epworth league and church service at 7:00 p. m. Social service Tuesday evening and class meeting Friday evening each at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Church of Christ—Universalist—Pleasant street, cor. Jenkins avenue. Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Administration of the holy sacrament the first Sunday in the month at 11:45 a. m. Good music. Y. P. C. U. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30, in the vestry. Strangers are especially welcome.

Unitarian Church—Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. All are invited.

Advent Church—C. M. Seamans, pastor. Social service at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 2:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Prayer service at 7:15 p. m. All are invited.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—Rev. Patrick J. Finnegan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.

Y. M. C. A.—William Frederic Hoehn, general secretary. Association rooms open from 9:00 a. m., to 9:30 p. m. Men's meetings, Sundays, at 8:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Salvation Army—Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 a. m. Holiness meeting at 10:00 a. m. Free and easy at 2:00 p. m. Salvation meeting at 8:00 p. m.

Christian Science—Woman's Exchange building—Services Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

People's Church—Rev. R. L. Harris, pastor. Service from 11:00 to 12:00 a. m. Sundays. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Praise meeting at 7:30 p. m. Preaching at 8:00 p. m. Young people's meeting on Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. Cottage meetings on Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend these services which are free to all.

First Methodist Church, Kittery—Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m.

HAMPERED.

The Employer—I regret having to let you go, Miss Keys, but my wife doesn't seem to like you, and—er—you see, 1-er—can't discharge my wife—Life.

LOVERS' LANE.

Like several of Clyde Fitch's plays, Lovers' Lane, which William A. Brady presents with a fine cast and scenic equipment at Music hall on Friday evening, March 21, is a satire, levelled not against the foibles of fashionable society, as in The Climbers, and The Moth and the Flame, but against the peculiarities of social and church life in a small town. The central figure is a young clergyman of more than ordinary liberal views, who is virile and full blooded and has the courage of his convictions. He also has well defined ideas as to what amusement should be devised to keep the younger members of his flock out of the reach of temptation, and his house is a refuge for the depressed of every



A Scene in Lovers' Lane.

kind. Conditions like these, with a handsome young fellow to the fore, are sure to develop oddly, and in the social comedy, through which passes a tender love story, Mr. Fitch seems to view many quaint types of New England folk that playwrights will laugh at, at the same time come on the narrow-minded members of the flock, who are greatly incensed because of the young minister's unconventional, and who perhaps should not be laughed at. By both, however, the Amherst graduate is the butt for scandal mongers and intriguers. Lovers' Lane is in four scenes, and Mr. Fitch has naturally extracted a great deal of fun from such rural oddities as the manager of the opera house, the village schoolmaster, a general storekeeper, and the New York art student, and the bickerings of the social purity league.

HELD GOVERNMENT STAMP.

Druggist Jeremiah Y. Wingate Held In \$200 at Dover.

Dover, March 12.—A hardfought liquor case was on trial in the police court today before Special Justice Nason, whose recent decision, that "beer" and "ale" were not to be regarded as sufficient evidence to hold a respondent, unless the state proved that they contained malt, caused such a stir in prohibition circles.

The respondent today was Jeremiah Y. Wingate, a recent street druggist, who was charged with keeping spirituous liquor for sale. The case had been continued from Monday morning.

County Solicitor Scott endeavored to introduce evidence showing that the respondent had sold spirits, not as medicine, but did not succeed, it being finally agreed not to go back of Jan. 16, the day of the closing order.

Wingate's counsel objected to the introduction of a copy of the internal revenue record, showing that his client held a government stamp, on the ground that such evidence had been proved defective on a former case. At the request of the solicitor, Judge Nason stopped the trial and continued it until 2:30 to give the state an opportunity to go to Portsmouth and make a new copy of the internal revenue stamp list. This was done, and the copy showing that Wingate held a stamp was admitted.

Judge Nason ruled that the respondent had a right to keep liquors for the compounding of medicine, for which no government stamp was needed, and that his holding a stamp was prima facie evidence that he kept liquors for some purpose other than compounding medicine. He, therefore, held the respondent for the September term of the superior court in \$200 bonds.

HERE AND THERE.

The Maine Central railroad has just received a new freight locomotive, No. 416, which includes all the latest improvements.

The Surest Remedy is Allen's Lung Balsam

It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

Large Bottle \$1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c.

Endorsed by all who have tried it.

improvements. It has three wheels on each side. It is fitted with an air brake on every driving wheel and with a backward delivery which makes it possible for the engine to haul as many cars backward as when going ahead. It has the new style of headlight. The cab is roomy enough to enable the engineer and fireman to sit down like gentlemen and not oblige them to perch on the window sills. Another notable feature is the position of the reversing lever. In old fashioned engines the engineer was obliged to sit so that the lever stood up between his knees and if it ever happened to get out of "dogs" holding it, it would cut him in two so quickly that he never knew what struck him. In this new engine, it is well outside of both feet, so that all the damage that could be done would be perhaps the tearing of one leg of his overalls. No. 416 also has a feature

which will appeal to workmen. This is a ladder at the back end of the tender, allowing a man to climb up easily and quickly, instead of having to hoist up on the drawbar and thence climb over the coal.

In response to a call for male help wanted from the Eastern Railroad company, forty men came from New Hampshire to work in the sheds of the company in East Boston. In advertising for these men, the company had the office of the company, the men, headed by the foreman, marched to the sheds across the street, where they were expected to begin work. As they passed between the groups of union men, carrying their dress suit cases, bags and bundles, they looked like a number of students about to play football. They finally reached the sheds, and after conversing with the foreman the foreman on very friendly terms, as they said, "to take the bread from another man's mouth." On reaching the union men at the head of the pier they cheered and wished them good luck, which was returned in good form, and the country boys then returned to their peaceful little farms.

DIED VERY SUDDENLY.

Frank Bartlett, East Nottingham's Dead and Dumb Postmaster Dead.

Nottingham, March 11.—Frank Bartlett, an old and esteemed resident and postmaster at the East side of the town, died very suddenly yesterday noon, while sitting for a store warming his feet.

Mr. Bartlett had changed the mail as usual in the morning, and had performed his other duties in his customary manner, but before he sat down for the stroke he complained of feeling ill, and decided to consult a physician in the afternoon.

The doctor, Mr. Lamb, who was called, found him, was checked, a few minutes later, to discover that he was dead.

Mr. Bartlett had been deaf and dumb from the time of his birth; yet he was always alert and active in all that pertained to the welfare of the town. In such affairs he was prominent.

He was about sixty-three years of age and is survived by several sisters, besides other relatives. His death is supposed to have caused his death.

Mr. Bartlett was unmarried, and had been postmaster at East Nottingham ever since the office was created. He leaves a valuable estate.

TO CURE GRIP IN TWO DAYS.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine removes the cause. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. Price 25 cents.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Tomorrow morning the pastor will exchange with Rev. Mr. Andrews of Kittery.

In the evening at 7 o'clock there will be a union temperance meeting of the church and Epworth League which will be led by the pastor and Gerald Davis. Subject, "A Whole Purpose." Dan. 1:8-20. The Rev. E. T. Gilman, Agent of the N. H. Bible society, is about to canvass the city. He will be present in the evening and give a brief address in regard to his work.

RAILS ARRIVE.

A carload of rails and ties for the Exeter, Greenland and Portsmouth electric road has arrived at Greenland, and the rails are being distributed along the route. The work of construction will be in at this end of the line and go toward Greenland. The work will be finished so that the road will be running by the middle of July at the latest, and the section to the Country club will be finished up at once so that the local road can run cars as far as the grounds.

SICK MADE WELL WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvelous Elix'r of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty records of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 2718 First National bank building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered



DR. JAMES W. KIDD

the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail.

NAVAL BAND'S DANCE.

A very enjoyable informal dance was conducted in Phillips hall on Friday evening by the Portsmouth Naval band. The floor swarmed with merry couples, who found the music ideal. Prior to the commencement of the order, the band rendered the following delightful concert selections: March, "Hail," Reeves; Overture, "Zampa," Verdi; concert, "The Secret," Handel, by F. P. Knapp; descriptive, "In a Bird Store," Charles Orth; selection, "Pillsbury-dee-dee," S. S. S. The final waltz was reached shortly after midnight.

WILL VISIT DOVER.

The members of the New Hampshire chapter of Rose Croix of this city, with their degree team, will go to Dover March 21 and work the eighteenth grade upon a large number of candidates. The team, with a large number of Masons, will leave here on a special train, which will return after the work is done. The chapter is getting a state reputation for its excellent work.

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1884.

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(Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office as second class mail matter.)

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1906.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

News of the coronation of Edward VII. is naturally suggestive of the time when Americans were called upon to do honor to the last American king, George III., who was crowned on Oct. 25, 1760. Harvard college, which soon afterward was to take so influential a part in the struggle for independence, was in 1760 still loyal to the British sovereign and on that one occasion followed the time honored custom of the English universities by transmitting to the new ruler a printed volume of congratulatory Latin, Greek and English verse.

DIG THAT CANAL.

We need an additional waterway in this town as we can cut it through. There, the delay of commerce is determined upon a route and thus making it possible to begin the work on the canal is unfortunate. In the light of the fact that the National legislature is now in session, the most feasible and the Hepburn bill providing for the canal is being reported by the Senate Committee. The country would very much like to see the national legislature promptly endorse this report and set the great and important enterprise going. But whether by the Senate or by the House, it is a high time to dig the canal. The object of the bill is to dig the canal of the Oregon during the war with Spain has lost none of its importance, but is still fresh in mind.

STIRRING AND BRILLIANT SCENES IN WASHINGTON

During March and April the National capital is at the height of its season, and it is a visit to that point is contemplated that is the time to go. The Royal Blue line announces for the benefit of school teachers and friends, and the general public personally conducted tours, leaving Boston March 25th, April 11th and 25th, from New York, one day later. Rates covering all expenses from Boston, \$25, from New York, \$15. For illustrated travel guide and route in Washington apply to J. T. Taggart, R. E. P. A., No. 211 Washington St., Boston, Ma.

SNAP-SHOTS.

Method is back among the old folks once again.

Fall River is to have a little strike of her own now.

Congressman Moody ought to be feeling anything but that now!

How many folks really know what "Aut Wiederschen, Heinrich!" means anyway?

The Easter bonnet is doing its best to replace the prince in public interest.

A look at the calendar reminds us that the periodical revolution in Italy is about due.

That coronation show, be it known, isn't one of these performances that you can get into by lugging water for the elephant—no, sir-ree!

Another bank-rob—this time in Portland—has been speculating extensively with other people's cash, and he and the other people are both sorry.

Col. Bryan doesn't want Dave Hill to be democracy's nominee for the presidency in 1904—there is a suspicion that he thinks it ought to be Col. Bryan.

WILLING TO PLEASE.

Guard—Now, then, miss, get in quick, please, the train is just going to start!

Young Lady—But I want to give my sister a kiss.

Guard—Get in, I'll see to that.—Tit-Bits.

OF THE REGULATION TYPE.

Mary had a little hen,
That caused her many a tear,
It used to lay when eggs were cheap
And quit when they were dear.
—Washington Star.

The Herald has early news.

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work."



This would be a cleaner, brighter world if every housekeeper used

GOLD DUST

It multiplies your pleasures, divides your efforts. Subtracts from your cares, adds to your life.
Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis. Makers of OVAL FAIRY SOAP.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Friday's Happenings of the World in Condensed Form.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 11.—Chapman, the first John Lawson, the second, died here tonight of pneumonia.

MINOT, N. D., March 11.—The severest blizzard in two years has raged here all day. Railroad trains are delayed.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The Senate today confirmed the following post office appointments: F. G. Jenkins, D. A. Lewis, White House Junction.

ELIZABETH, N. Y., March 11.—It was announced here today that Christy, the famous ball pitcher, will enter the army in the near future.

LEONARD, March 11.—The harbor is crowded with boats. The harbor is crowded with boats. The harbor is crowded with boats.

NEW YORK, March 11.—One of the most famous of the world's great men, the late President, died here today.

BOSTON, March 11.—Edward F. Grant was sent to state prison but not less than eight or ten years, today for fraud on a deplorable fortune on his own, charged by.

HALE, N. S., March 11.—The steamer Aberdeen returned here today from a voyage to the coast.

PAVLOVSK, R. L., March 11.—The funeral of John D. Rockefeller, one of the great men of the world, was held here today.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Twenty-one men were arrested on a charge of being involved in the New York and Cuba mail steamer explosion.

BRIMLEY, March 11.—The North German Lloyd Steamship company today announced an increase of ten marks, beginning March 15, in the steamer rates to New York, Baltimore and Galveston.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 11.—At 12 o'clock this morning the ship was discovered in the harbor of the city.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 11.—It was announced here today by members of the military that Capt. J. H. Bell, the well known soldier, will return from his tour at the conclusion of the Louisiana campaign.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The time of the cabinet today was largely taken up by the Secretary Shaw in a statement of the financial situation.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 11.—The old Lincoln farm in Lincoln City will be sold by the government.

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LAST AMERICAN KING.

Poems Once Written in His Praise by the Students at Cambridge.

The coming coronation of Edward VII. is naturally suggestive of the time when Americans were called upon to do honor to the last American king, George III., who was crowned on Oct. 25, 1760. Harvard college, which soon afterward was to take so influential a part in the struggle for independence, was in 1760 still loyal to the British sovereign and on that one occasion followed the time honored custom of the English universities by transmitting to the new ruler a printed volume of congratulatory Latin, Greek and English verse.

The suggestion for the volume, however, came from Francis Bernard, the newly arrived royal governor, who offered members and recent graduates of the college six prizes of a guinea each for the best Latin oration, the best Latin poem in hexameters, the best Latin elegy in hexameters and pentameters, the best Latin ode, the best English poem in long verse and the best English ode.

With this incentive the poets of Cambridge went to work, and two years after the coronation the volume entitled "Poems of Gratulation," or, in mourning for the old king and congratulation for the new, was printed by J. Green and J. Russell of Boston and formally transmitted to King George by the president and fellows of the very college that was so soon after to give shelter to General Washington and the officers of the Continental army.

The little book, copies of which can still be found in some of the libraries around Boston, was in English in its praise of the dead monarch, George III., as well as of his grandson and successor. The address of the president and fellows, founded most strenuously to modern ears, ascribing as it does to the king, whose lines were soon to be fought and finally shipped, all the known graces and virtues. Yet all these complimentary phrases were a part of the etiquette of the day, which was considered serious only in its laudation, for as even the most English Tory and dictionary maker, Dr. Samuel Johnson, so frequently pointed out, flattery the king was but little more than a formula of loyalty to the institutions of the kingdom. The verse naturally went to even greater lengths in its adulation. One of the poems, which is of special interest because written by John Lowell, the grandfather of James Russell Lowell, closes as follows:

These be the men to her life's crown
Flow, flow, unforgotten to her dear tomb
She lives with transport hails the happy day
Which gives another George the British name
Exulting Britain in his youthful face
Can he be less than monarch of his people
And yet with joy unfeigned, ascend the throne
A blooming monarch, who is all her own,
While at his feet her conquering armies
And his command her thundering fleets attend,
Long may he reign, his rightful scepter bear
And Briton's crown in peace distinguished wear.

Which all her free born sons in chorus sing
Happy and glorious ever live the king.

Yet in spite of all this high sounding language a certain hexameter logic in behalf of freedom runs all through the volume, and even in their "poetical obligations" the monarch was credited with a love of freedom equal to that of the colonists themselves.

The music at St. Peter's.

"I have been disappointed at the music at St. Peter's, Rome, of which so much has been written," says William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. "The pope's choir does not sound to American ears as many enthusiastic writers have heard it. It is inferior to the choir of St. Peter's cathedral, New York, and to that of St. Matthew's, Washington, the two with which I am most familiar, and Chicago Catholics here tell me that much better singing can be heard in several of the churches in that city. There are at least two churches in Rome—St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore—where the choirs are better than that at the Vatican. On Christmas day, Easter and other special feast days the choir at St. Peter's is reinforced by the best male voices in Rome, but on Sundays and ordinary occasions it is a disappointment."

For Sick Headaches try these famous Pills. They remove the cause and act quickly. You will feel like a new person after taking

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A CHURCH LIGHTHOUSE.

Charleston, S. C., Has the Only One in the World.

The only church in the world so far as this is known that is also a lighthouse is St. Philip's church, Charleston, S. C. St. Philip's, which is one of the oldest churches in America, is known as the "Westminster abbey of South Carolina," because within and about its walls so many distinguished men lie buried, including John C. Calhoun. The history of the old church is closely interwoven with that of South Carolina, and many of the most celebrated events in the history of the province are connected with it.

It is one of the sights of Charleston, and strangers are always taken to see it and shown its graves and monuments.

The most remarkable feature of the old church, however, is the fact that its lofty steeple serves the purpose of a lighthouse and is used to guide the seafarer and mariner safely into the port of Charleston. The use of the steeple as a lighthouse dates back to 1804, when the United States lighthouse department succeeded by dint of repeated efforts in inducing the vestry of the old church to allow a lantern to be placed in the upper story of the steeple to be used as a range light for vessels entering the harbor through the jetties at its mouth.

The light used is very powerful and is placed at an altitude of about 125 feet above the ground, so that it is easily visible thirty miles at sea. Ships making for Charleston harbor at night always keep a sharp lookout for St. Philip's light and as soon as they sight it get it into line with the beacon on Fort Sumter and then make a straight-away run for the mouth of the jetties and up through them into the harbor of Charleston.

St. Philip's church steeple is considered one of the handsomest architectural features in the world and always attracts the eye of strangers entering Charleston from the sea by its commanding height and artistic proportions.—St. Louis Republic.

NATURAL HISTORY.

There are forty-eight different kinds of house fly known and classified.

The pig is the only domestic animal in which no case of cancer has been noted.

The Spanish mackerel is one of the fastest of food fishes and cuts the water like a yacht.

Fish swallow their food whole because they are obliged to keep continually opening and closing the mouth for the purpose of respiration.

Siamese cats, both in appearance and character, closely resemble pug dogs. Even their tails have the curious curl so familiar in these stolid dogs.

Animals are found to be subject to hypnotic influence. Lobsters, it is said, can be hypnotized by standing them on their heads five or ten minutes.

There is no wild breed of fowl to which the Brahma or Cochin can be traced. The gamecock seems to be descended from the Cingalese jungle fowl.

The flesh fly produces about 20,000 young in a season. The larvae are hatched almost instantly from the egg and at once begin their work of destruction.

A Contrast.

"Papa, who is that gentleman over there on the porch?"

"Don't you remember him, my child? He is the gentleman we met in the restaurant today who chatted so pleasantly with us while he waited about twenty-five minutes for his lunch."

"He doesn't seem very pleasant now, papa."

"Oh, no. He's at home now. See him tearing the newspaper into shreds and trying to throw his hat through the door. He is very angry because it has taken his wife a little over four minutes to get his supper ready."—Indianapolis Sun.

A Hindoo Superstition.

When visits are exchanged by the friends of the Hindoo bride and groom to complete arrangements for the wedding, great attention is paid to omens, which are considered especially potent then. For instance, if the groom's messengers should meet a cat, a fox or a serpent they turn back and seek a more propitious time for the errand. After the bride's father has received the offer he must delay replying until one of the ubiquitous lizards in his house has chirped.—Woman's Home Companion.

AMERICA ON PRAYER.

Many years ago, when John J. Ingalls, the brilliant Kansan, was a member of the senate, oleomargarine was a bone of contention. The debate led Ingalls to utter one of those epigrammatic sentences which made him famous. "I have never, to my knowledge, tasted oleomargarine," said Ingalls, "but I have stood in the presence of genuine butter with awe for its strength and reverence for its antiquity."

Trade Craft.

"We are turning out some very elaborate scales," said the agent—"some that will attract the attention of your customers."

"Do you suppose I want my customers to watch the scales?" asked the surprised butcher. "Give me the plainest style you have."—Chicago News.

Peas.

"Peas," remarked the wise guy, "are emblematic of tears."

"I guess that's right," agreed the simple man. "My wife cries because I can't afford to buy her any."—Philadelphia Record.

He who refuses to play second fiddle has no chance to become leader of an orchestra.—New York Herald.

HIS HORSES WERE WOODEN

Not All the Same He Had to Pay For a Livery License.

As "his honor" sat on the bench from which even handed justice was dispensed in the town of Lavilla, which flourished way down in Florida before the days of Greater Jacksonville, he was amazed to note among the prisoners at the bar a "paleface."

Casting the eagle eye of the law over the room, he was agitated still more to observe a "billed" shirt and standing collar and that these were worn by another white man.

The marshal, being called on, explained that one white gentleman was arrested by him for running a "flying jumpy" without a license, and the other was his lawyer. To a man cast in a less heroic mold than the mayor such complete smashing of all records and invading of precedent would have been a Waterloo. A white man arrested in Lavilla and a lawyer appearing to plead in its court! To what are we coming?

Repressing all signs of such a strain on his judicial composure, the mayor announced that to fittingly mark so great an occasion he would disregard the calendar and take up the white man's case first.

The lawyer demanded the immediate discharge of the prisoner on the ground that there was no ordinance requiring "flying jumpy" to pay a license and threw the court on its "beam ends" by asking for a copy of the ordinance book.

No one had seen it in years. Many doubted if there had ever been one. A whispered consultation was held between the mayor and the marshal and a search instituted which revealed the book, with a brick on top of it, supplying the place of a missing leg of the stove.

After looking vainly through the book for law on "flying jumpy" his honor delivered judgment as follows: "Ordinance No. 11 requires all keepers of livery stables to pay a license of \$10 and imposes a fine of twice the amount for running without a license. The defendant must pay both the fine and the license."

"But," objected the lawyer, "this man doesn't run a livery stable; he runs a 'flying jumpy'."

"He keeps horses for hire, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but they are wooden horses, and he charges a nickel for one ride."

"The ordinance makes no fine distinction. It says livery stables require a license. A livery stable is a place where horses are kept for hire. It makes no difference whether they are wooden horses or 'meat' horses. Next case, Mr. Marshal."—New York Mail and Express.

Stone Throwing.

A propensity to throw stones regardless of consequences has been one of the earliest signs of natural depravity among men since time began and, we fear, must continue that way until the millennium ushers in the era when bad boys are no more and stones are confined to their proper and legitimate uses.

Anyway, the mischief wrought by this vicious and execrable habit looms up into serious proportions when the figures are given out by plate glass insurance men showing that it costs not less than \$250,000 a year to make good the losses thus caused by reckless boys in this country alone.

With stone throwing costing \$250,000 a year, carelessness in setting fires costing hundreds of millions more, and heedless accidents causing immense sacrifice of property, the good people have many bills to foot which ought not to be theirs.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Coffee Heart.

The largest part of the coffee grown in the world is consumed in the United States, and some of our life insurance societies are beginning to realize how its excessive use increases the risks of life. Its effect is in shortening the long beat of the heart, and medical examiners for insurance companies have added the term "coffee heart" to their regular classification of the functional derangements of that organ. These physicians advise that the use of coffee be limited to not more than two cups a day. Coffee toppers, they say, are plentiful and are as much tied to their cups as the whisky toper. The effect of the coffee upon the heart is more lasting and consequently worse than that of liquor.—Detroit Free Press.

Advance Prayers.

A young Germantown mother in putting her five-year-old son to bed noticed that he clambered under the covers without saying his prayers. She grew reproachful. "Why, Warren, mother never knew you to forget your prayers before."

"Indeed, mother," was the reply, "I didn't forget. Grace and I said them for four nights during the rain yesterday, when we couldn't play. We would have got through the whole week if nurse had not come to dress us."

His Queer Way.

Dumfries—"What a queer chap Synnex is!"

Guyard—"In what way?"

Dumfries—"I was saying that Synnex claimed to be a great mind reader, but he was unable to read my mind, and Synnex said that the best book reader could not read if there was no book before him. That's the way Synnex has of suddenly wandering from the subject."—Boston Transcript.

Many a man after attaining a high position forgets all about the laws of gravity until it is everlastingly too late.—Chicago News.

Some people are so suspicious that it is a wonder that they trust themselves.—Boston Globe.

FIREPROOF BUILDINGS.

The proof of fireproof hotels is in the burning.—New York World.

Why is it that the fireproofness of a hotel is never fully recognized until after the blaze?—Hartford Post.

The day must come when every armory and every hotel of any considerable size in so crowded a city as New York will be fireproof, or at the least of slow burning construction, in every part.—New York Tribune.

American cities are built to be burned. Their histories read somewhat like this: Flourishing, public library, hand-some churches, blocks of stores, new courthouse, first class hotels; destroyed by fire; loss, millions.—Boston Herald.

The New York Girl's Latest Fad.

"The punching bag, otherwise known as the striking bag, solves the problem of indoor exercise for girls and is the reigning fad among New York girls at present," says The Ladies' Home Journal. "By the use of this apparatus every muscle in the body is brought into play, and the stout girl grows thin and the thin girl grows plump. By the daily use of one of these bags lightness of foot, a graceful poise and a springy step develop even to a greater degree than by means of dancing lessons. The waist and the abdomen are reduced in size, and the weak muscles of the trunk are so strengthened by its use that the amateur athlete holds herself straight with ease and comfort. The bag should hang at about the height of the shoulders."

Let the Negro Alone.

Let the negro alone! He is showing a better ability to hoe his own row every year. He is at peace with his neighbors, and he is appealing for no foreign advice or agitation in his behalf. He is hustling for provisions and not politics. He is anxious for sugar and sorghum and Sunday-go-to-meeting duds and not for universal suffrage. Let him alone, and he will cheerfully take all the risks of being his own redeemer.—Atlanta Constitution.

Tart Repartee.

Of Sir William Harcourt Disraeli once said in his affectedly cynical way: "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice and no principles."

To this when it was repeated to him Harcourt rejoined: "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

FIRM FOUNDATION.

Nothing Can Undermine it in Portsmouth.

People are sometimes slow to recognize true merit and they cannot be blamed for so many in the past have been humiliated. The experience of hundreds of Portsmouth residents expressed publicly through newspapers and other sources places Doan's Kidney Pills on a firm foundation.

Mr. Arlon A. Ballou, of 31 Maplewood avenue, says:—"I had something wrong with my kidneys for eight months, and the pain and annoyance kept increasing instead of diminishing. I got so bad that I could not attend to my ordinary occupation, and to knock off. In my back and over my kidneys there was a constant aise and any ordinary movement aise sharp twinges to shoot through my loins. During these attacks when my back was very bad I had urinary weakness that was very embarrassing and inconvenient. I thought Doan's Kidney Pills might help me and I got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. I did not take more than one-half of it before I was free from the whole kidney trouble."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-McLennan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name Doan's—and ask no substitute.

SMALL ADLETS

Such as For Sale, To Let, Wanted, Etc. Will be inserted in this column

SHORTY'S CELEBRATION

By Frederick White

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Shorty McGovern was what is known in certain circles as "a second story man." His friends respected him for his undeniable ability for getting and, what was really quite as important, for getting away.

The police respected him, but principally for the latter gift.

Shorty respected himself sometimes, but not often. After a particularly good piece of work, when his finances would permit, Shorty gave himself up to a period of dull respectability, a proceeding rather foreign to the disposition of a "second story man." For days he would keep to his room, reading voraciously every book upon which he could lay his hands. Dickens was his favorite author, and he loved stories of children.

Shorty was fond of children and never disturbed them more than was necessary when engaged in his business.

It was when his finances thus permitted him to rest and dip into literature that Shorty came nearest to respecting himself, but unfortunately there always came a day when he was forced to sally forth and again become the hunter and the hunted, usually the central figure, though unknown, in items of various length in the newspapers.

The residence section of the city was invariably the field of his efforts. A day's stroll would disclose the opportunity, and then night and a few necessary implements of trade enabled him to do the rest.

As he walked briskly up the avenue this winter afternoon nothing in Shorty's appearance would attract particular attention. Plenty of young men were doing the same thing. However, a discerning eye might have noted that when he passed a policeman Shorty seemed suddenly afflicted with a severe cold in his head, which necessitated the use of a large handkerchief. Between policeman Shorty's head seemed to be in a perfectly normal condition.

Turning up a side street, he slackened his pace somewhat, and his trained eye searched every detail of the houses on either side of the way. Ordinary people might have thought them painfully alike, but Shorty knew otherwise. There was a basement window unguarded by the usual iron frame; there a balcony gave promise of shelter from passing eyes while the window was left forced.

At the corner Shorty passed a church. He had no designs on the church, but the swell of the organ and the sound of children's voices came to him through a half open window. They were devoting all their energies to the last verse of the carol:

Ring the joy bells over all the earth,
Singing, praising, let them tell his birth.
Angel music, let it sweetly fall,
Singing, bringing peace and joy to all.

The extra power thrown into the words "joy to all" recalled to Shorty the fact that Sunday schools frequently gave celebrations for their faithful scholars. Exactly! These children were having a Christmas tree at the church after exhausting the holiday season at home.

Suddenly he had a desire to see the real thing if they would let him in. The main door opened around the avenue, but the vestry door was at his hand. He'd take a look at it anyway. Shorty started forward, then stopped. Through a swinging baize door came the murmur of voices, then a strange crackling sound and the cry "Fire!"

Shorty was trained to act quickly whatever the emergency. On the corner was a red firebox, and it was the work of only a second to smash the glass and turn in the alarm.

As he ran from the box the children, pale faced and frightened, were pouring through the doors, and above their heads far back in the church he could see the gayly decorated tree blazing in a cloud of smoke. He saw that the youngsters were being well handled by two young men who stood on either side of the doorway. Then his other nature asserted itself.

To Shorty and his ilk a fire always means loot. The habit of years was strong upon him. Back to the vestry he ran and crept through the narrow corridor and the baize door. Through an archway he looked into the smoke filled church. There was no one in sight. The burning tree and the smoke screened him from view. He glanced about hastily, and his eye rested on the alms basin, piled high with the children's annual offering. It stood on a table near the reading desk, and sparks from the burning tree were falling upon it.

He rushed forward, snatched it and began to cram the envelopes containing the money into his overcoat pockets. He must get away before the firemen arrived on the scene. The silver plate he would button under his overcoat.

He worked feverishly, for already the choir stalls were smoldering. He had the money at last and, ripping open the coat, was about to conceal the plate when a voice rang through the smoke laden air:

"The children's money! Can no one save it?"

Shorty crouched low and began to work his way to the baize door. The smoke was stifling. His head throbed, and he found himself repeating mechanically: "The children's money! The children's money!"

His ears rang with the music of an organ and childish voices.

He wondered if he was going to die.

choked by smoke, with the children's money in his pockets.

Angel music, let it sweetly fall,
Singing, bringing peace and joy to all.

He reached the vestry room. The air was better. He could breathe more freely. A few steps more and he would be safe—safe with the children's money.

Again came the cry from behind the curtain of flames, "Save the children's offering!"

A struggle was going on in the soul of Shorty. Something, he knew not what, surged in his breast.

The aged rector stood in the aisle as near the burning tree as the heat would permit. The last of the children had been led safely through the arched doorway. The rattle of engines sounded far down the street and the clang of the fire gongs.

Would they be in time to save the offering that had meant so much personal sacrifice for the children? They suddenly something black crashed through the lower branches of the tree and fell over the rail into the aisle. It was a man.

The rector sprang forward and dragged him away from the shower of sparks which followed his fall. It was the disreputable Shorty who looked up into the rector's face.

"Unbutton me coat!" he gasped.

The rector obeyed and with an exclamation of surprise caught the silver plate. He lifted it wonderingly, and Shorty struggled to his feet.

"Feel in me pockets. Me hands is burnt!" The rector hurriedly pulled forth the envelopes and started to speak.

"Quick!" ordered Shorty. There was a rush of feet, and half a dozen firemen dashed in bearing a hose. Where there were firemen there would also be police.

"Got it all?" he yelled at the wondering rector. The latter nodded.

"You must come with me. I'm afraid you are badly burned," he murmured confusedly.

Shorty shook his head and started for the door.

"It's nothing," he said. "I did it for the kids, so their Christmas wouldn't be spoiled. 'Slong." And he pushed his way through the crowd and vanished.

Some hours later the pain of his burns drove him to the dispensary, where he told a plausible tale of an overturned lamp and was promptly and properly bandaged. Walking down street, he met a friend in the same line of business as himself. The obvious impossibility of doing any remunerative work with hands like boxing gloves appended to the friend and secured Shorty a loan of \$10. Then he went to bed.

The next morning Shorty read an account of the fire and also a public acknowledgment by the rector of the bravery of an unknown man who at risk of his own life had saved the children's offering, amounting to nearly \$300. The rector expressed his desire to meet personally the brave fellow if the latter would communicate, etc. Shorty began to feel proud of himself. This was genuine respectability.

For one gladsome week he gave himself over to reading and respectability, but he did not communicate his address. Then the week and the \$10 came to an end simultaneously, and Shorty was forced to take another walk up town with a view to studying balconies and unbarred windows.

Ruskin's Toys

The home rule of Ruskin's mother was well nigh Puritanic in severity. His toys were few and his source of amusement limited. He says:

For toys I had a bunch of keys to play with so long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled, as I grew older I had a cart and a ball and when I was six years old two boxes of well cut wooden bricks.

With these modest but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always, summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor or counting the bricks in the opposite houses.

There were also intervals of rapturous excitement during the filling of the water cart through its leathern pipe from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street.

But the carpet and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses or wall papers to be examined were my chief resources.

How a Dog Told of His Needs

Ben was our faithful, jolly old bull terrier. For ten years he was a member of the family. Perhaps Ben had one bad trait; he would "fight at the drop of the hat." This necessitated keeping him on a chain most of the time, although I confess deep admiration for his ability as a scrapper. I was a fighter that fights fair, and Ben was that kind. I never saw him tackle a dog smaller than himself, but have seen him whip canines apparently large enough to eat him. When on the chain, Ben had ways of his own of notifying us of his wants. A steady succession of low barks, with a short interval between each bark, indicated that it was his mealtime. A quick, sharp bark, with long intervals between each bark, accompanied with low whining, indicated thirst. Loud, steady barking informed us that some one was coming, and spasmodic, choking barking was his way of letting us know a dog was near and that he was anxious to mix with him. At home we are all of the opinion that if the human members of the family can reason, then so could Ben.—Forest and Stream.

HUNTING THE GORILLA

An Animal West African Say Has the Soul of a Man.

Gorilla hunting is a distinct sensation even for the veteran hunter. This animal, which has become confused somewhat with fable and fiction, is a reality and a decidedly unpleasant one to engage. The west Africans are mortally afraid of it, believing that the brute contains the spirit of a man. They attribute to it all sorts of ferocities, like the carrying off of a human being, who is permitted to return after being deprived of toe and finger nails.

"Skilled hunters have never observed any of these doings, but they testify to the brute's strength and ferocity," says Allen Sangre in Ainslie's. "According to a French sportsman, a full grown gorilla can bite through a tree six inches thick in order to secure the sap and twist a gun barrel with the swollen bunches of muscle that serve for arms. Its roar is terrifying and can be heard 2000 a distance of three miles.

"I shall never forget how the first one impressed me," says the Frenchman, "for I had a bad attack of shakies. The woods had been filled some time with a barking roar, but I saw nothing until my guide clucked softly and pointed to a tree alongside which stood an immense male gorilla. There he remained but twelve yards away, boldly facing us with his huge chest, muscular arms, fiercely glaring deep gray eyes and a hellish expression, until I moved.

"At that he dropped to all fours and came six yards nearer, sitting up to look his breasts with his huge fists—a defiance—so that it sounded like an immense drum. His roar was most singular, beginning with a kind of bark and deepening into a bass roll that literally resembled thunder. The short hair on his forehead was twitching, his powerful fangs showed unpleasantly, and, feeling he was about to attack and incidentally being scared green, I shot him through the heart. With a groan something human and yet brutish, he fell on his face and died quickly, like a man. He measured 5 feet 9 inches in length, his chest was 62 inches, and his arms spread 9 feet. I was glad to have the specimen, but somehow after that never cared to kill a gorilla unless he actually menaced me."

NOTHING WAS LOST.

An Omission in a Wedding Ceremony That Didn't Count.

A distinguished officer of the United States navy once told this story on himself:

At the time of his marriage he had been through the civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom, with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' several times and despite my efforts you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said. "She didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."—Washington Star.

No "Tiek" Obtainable

Telegraph Operator—I am sorry, sir, but the rules of this company make it impossible for me to send your message "collect." That privilege we are not allowed to extend to absolute strangers.

Applicant—Do you mean for me to understand by that that you can't trust me?

Telegraph Operator—Under the circumstances, sir, it is impossible for me to do so.

Applicant—Well, that gets the best of me! I thought of all places on the face of the earth a telegraph office was the likeliest to get anything on tick.—Boston Courier.

Hiawatha.

"Such a confusing variance in the pronunciation of 'Hiawatha' exists both in dictionaries and in the speech of educated men and women," writes Elizabeth A. Withey in The Ladies' Home Journal, "that I have asked Miss Longfellow how the word is pronounced by the poet's family. She says the pronunciation which she always heard from the poet himself is Ii-a-wa-tha, the 'i' pronounced as it is in 'machine' or 'pique,' the second 'a' pronounced as it is in 'far' or in 'father.'"

All in the Family.

"Biffley and his son and the Widow Binglewood and her daughter are going to form a community of interests."

"How so?"

"Biffley marries the widow, and his son marries the daughter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Taste in Refreshing.

"Bigson says he has had his house refurnished during his wife's absence."

"As a surprise to her?"

"No; as a shock."—Detroit Free Press.

THE CAREER OF ALTGELD

Stories About a Forceful and Unique Character.

WAS A POOR BOY FROM PRUSSIA.

Early Struggles With Poverty—Overcame Many Obstacles and Became Governor of the State of Illinois. Extracts From One of His Latest Speeches on Government Ownership of Monopolies.

The sudden death of John P. Altgeld, former governor of Illinois, at Peoria from an attack of paralysis ends a remarkably interesting, active and picturesque career. He was born in Germany in 1847, but was reared on a farm in Ohio. When sixteen years of age, he entered the Union army and carried a musket for six months in the campaign around Richmond. Afterward he taught school in Ohio. In the spring of 1869, when twenty-one years old, he started to seek his fortune in the west. Traveling across southern Illinois on foot, with a limited amount of loose change, but with the same quiet, invincible spirit of determination to get there that had distinguished him since and landed him well up on the ladder of fortune, he arrived at the Mississippi river opposite St. Louis with undiminished energy and 15 cents in his pocket. After paying out 10 cents of this to the ferry for carrying over himself and a companion who hadn't even that amount of capital to draw on he spent the other 5 cents for a sheet of paper, an envelope and a stamp to let his family know of his safe arrival, and then, penniless, but determined, he tightened his belt as substitute for a square meal and started on his career. After working for awhile in St. Louis he went to southern Kansas, which was having a boom. Here he was taken sick and in that new country was reduced to severe straits. Again native grit pulled him through, he walking 100 miles in his bare feet across the open prairie in order to get north. He then settled in northwestern Missouri, where he taught school and studied law.

In 1872 he was admitted to the bar. His ability and tireless perseverance had already become so well known that he was immediately appointed city attorney of Savannah. Subsequently elected state attorney of Andrews county, the "pale Dutchman," as he was dubbed by the people, soon became known as one of the foremost lawyers of that part of the state, noted as it was for its jurists—and colonels.

Feeling the need of a larger field, he resigned in 1875 and went to Chicago, where he knew nobody, but where push and a capacity for work were an introduction to everybody. He soon built up a large practice, his connection with the Storey will case bringing him into prominence. Inevitably drifting into politics, for which he seemed to have a natural bent, he served as judge of the superior court of Chicago from 1886 to 1891 and as governor of Illinois from 1893 to 1897. His pardon of Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, known as the "Haymarket anarchists," excited wide comment.

The late John P. Altgeld had in recent years engaged much in the lecture field. His latest lecture previous to the one delivered at Peoria on the evening of his death was given at Buffalo, his theme being "Shall the People Own the Monopolies?" He said in part:

"The inventions, the discoveries and the progress of the sciences during the last century tended to shorten distances, to bring the different parts of the earth together and made it possible for man to not only go quickly from one point to another, but they made it possible for him to execute his will simultaneously in various places. They enlarged the field of personal supervision and activity. Out of this condition has come an era of consolidation and concentration. Little things are giving way to great things, little shops to great shops, little stores to great stores, little ships to great ships, little railroads to great railroads, little governments to great governments, small institutions to great institutions. The result of this consolidation in itself should be beneficial. It cheapens the cost of production, and in governments it should cheapen the cost of operation, while in the railway world it greatly increases the convenience of the public.

"It is apparent that these conditions are permanent, and it is also obvious that we would not change them if we could. We do not want to do away with the big ships and go back to the little ships, to do away with the big stores and go back to the little stores, to do away with the great trunk lines traversing a continent and go back to the little constituent roads that were consolidated.

"These consolidations are beneficial to mankind if properly managed, but they have completely wiped out competition in certain fields and established monopolies, and from the very nature of the case these monopolies will be permanent. It is no longer possible to have competition in supplying the inhabitants of a city with water or gas or electric light or street railway service.

"It is also apparent that in respect to the operation of steam railroads there is no longer competition in so far as the business affects the majority of the people, and a number of our great industries have passed into the control of combinations, so that they are monopolies that can in many cases pay simply what they choose for raw material and for labor on the one side and

compel the payment by the public of any price they choose to fix for their product on the other hand."

From these premises he argued in favor of the government ownership of public utilities and said:

"We need a change of policy. Instead of being owned the people must be the owners; instead of being lambs to be shorn they must be masters of the fold. Our industries and our great public utilities were built with the money and the industry and the genius of the American people, but they have passed out of the hands of the people who made them and are now controlled by manipulators, controlled by bankers, by brokers, by speculators.

"These men do not build railroads; they do not build factories; they do not build cities; they do not create anything; they simply grab what other people have created. As a rule, they are mere birds of prey, tearing the flesh of the men and the women who work with their hands, eating the vitals of the men and women who do the work of the land and who make civilization possible on this earth.

"No republic can endure that remains in the clutches of these birds of prey. They use government as a convenience in the process of exploitation, extortion and robbery. It is among the newly made and corrupt rich that we find the spirit of snobbery and flunkynism that apologizes for republican institutions. It is the monopolists who demand the restriction of free speech and of a free press. They not only plunder the people, but they would rob them of their liberties. Wipe out private monopoly, and you will wipe out the corrupt lobbies at the seats of government, you will restore the people to power, and the government will again become an engine of justice and a shield for the protection of the weak."

PAUL HARPER SHINES SHOES

Son of Chicago University President Needs Money For Charities.

When Paul Harper, second son of President William Harper, needs money for any of the little charitable enterprises he often indulges in, he shows as much tact and ability as does his famous father when the latter feels the University of Chicago is in need of some substantial gift toward a new hall or a new class. Only the younger—he is thirteen years old—goes about it in a different manner.

Recently the boy found a new field for his charity, and he had to have money, says the Chicago Record-Herald. It didn't trouble him a bit how to get it. He unfolded a plan to his chum, the son of Colonel Francis W. Parker, and quicker than it takes to tell it a sign was hung in one of the halls of Morgan Park academy which read, "Harper & Co., polishers of boots and shoes to Morgan Park academy."

The news spread quickly throughout the dormitories and halls, and there was a scramble among the students to be the first to have shoes shined by a university president's son. They came in droves and stood in line awaiting their turns. They wore calf shoes, tan shoes and patent leathers. No matter what the style of leather the price was the same to all, 5 cents. For more than two hours the boys, Harper and Parker, were polishing shoes at a rate that would permit a downtown boot black to retire from business in a few months. They polished 150 pairs of shoes the first day, "and if we could do that every day," said young Harper, "we'd soon have all the money we want."

The professors in the various classes were compelled to go to the "shoe shining parlor" to get enough pupils together to make a decent showing. There was no interference, however, with the establishment of Harper & Co. On the contrary, the faculty saw the humor of the situation, and the professors were inclined to treat the matter as a good joke.

NELLIE GRANT'S ODD IDEA.

She Places an Engagement Notice in Chocolate Cannon Balls.

Miss Nellie Grant, granddaughter of the late General Grant, gave an afternoon luncheon recently in San Diego, Cal., in honor of Miss Mabel Gassan.

When dessert was served, hollow cannon balls of chocolate containing the announcement of the engagement of Miss Gassan to Captain Adrian S. Flemming of the One Hundred and Fifteenth company of coast artillery, stationed at Los Angeles, were presented to the guests.

At the same hour in his home in Laurel street, Los Angeles, Captain Flemming gave a military dinner, the officers of the barracks being his guests. At this time his engagement also was formally announced.

A March Glee.

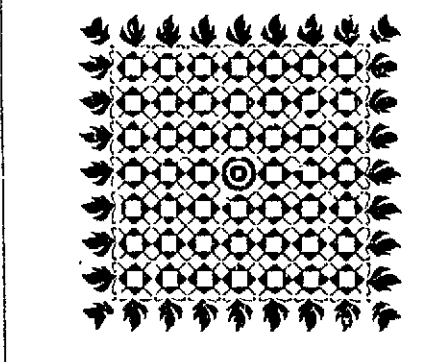
I hear the wild geese honking
From out the misty night;
A sound of moving armies
On sweeping in their might;
The river ice is drifting
Beneath their northward flight.

I hear the bluebird plaintive
From out the morning sky
Or see his wings a-twinkle
That with the azure vie;
No other bird more welcome,
No more prophetic cry.

I hear the sparrow's ditty
A-note my study door;
A simple song of gladness
That winter days are o'er;
My heart is singing with him;
I love him more and more.

I hear the starling fluting
His liquid "o-k-a-lee!"
I hear the downy drumming
His vernal reveille,
And from out the maple orchard
The nuthatch calls to me.

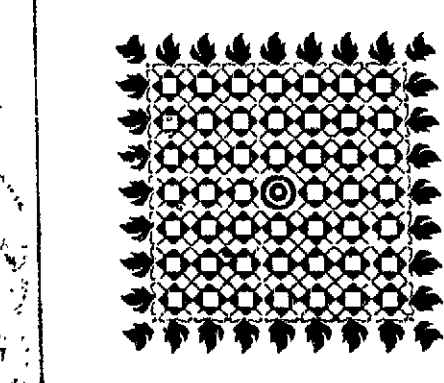
Oh, spring is surely coming;
Her couriers fill the air.
Each morn are new arrivals;
Each night her ways prepare.
I scent her fragrant garments;
Her foot is on the stair.
—John Burroughs in "Country Life in America."



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Are barking as they growl;
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Supplants the wild beast's howl.

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Our cities fair and good
Preside o'er hospitable rites,
A glorious sisterhood,
And Europe stands amazed to see
Our wares and golden grain,
And we in faith are proud to be
Discovered once again.

—Washington Star

great power is obtained in a compact apparatus which weighs but ninety pounds, says the Detroit News-Tribune. There being no possibility of a thrust, the motion of the jack is uniform. Aside from its value in a repair shop, it can easily be carried in a passenger car for the purpose of erecting any person who by accident is pinned under it.

a background for the five weary years of his unnatural little life. He was laid to kindergarten one morning and was asked to sit by the door until the morning exercises were over. Before being restored to grace the teacher asked him why he was so late. "Well," replied Joe, "the parol came after my mother and I waited to see her off."—Chicago Tribune.

Lucky Fox Both.

"When her grandfather came to the town, he was barefooted and had on 50 cents in his pocket."

"What a lucky thing it was for him that he didn't know she would one day be ashamed of the manner of his arrival. If he could have known he it was going to humiliate her, he might not have come."—Chicago Herald.

It is said that no musical work is added so materially the cause of charity as Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"One of them artists paid me a dime to sit on the fence while he sketched me."
"Well, is there any harm in that?"
"Yes, s-sir. It was a barb w fence."—Philadelphia Record.

Gave It Up.
"Did you catch your train last night?" asked his employer of Sooburbs.
"No," replied Sooburbs wearily; "had been gone about five minutes when I got to the station, and I didn't think it was any use to try."—Ohio State Journal.

Reviewed by New York State Board of Health.

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"Mrs. Pinkham Saved me from an Operation."



Operations Avoided.

When a physician tells a woman suffering with ovarian or womb trouble that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart.

And our hospitals are full of women who are there for ovarian and womb operations!

It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine after the doctors had said the operation must be performed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been very successful in curing ovarian troubles. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medicine is certain to help.

Ovarian troubles are easily developed from womb troubles, and womb troubles are so very common that ovaritis is steadily on the increase among women. It is, nevertheless, a most serious trouble, and to recommend wrong treatment for it is a crime for which there cannot be too deep a penalty.

It is, therefore, with full consciousness of the seriousness of the disease and the steady failure of other medicine to cure it, that we present for ovarian and womb trouble Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as the most certain to help of any medicine in the world to-day. Any person who could read the letters in Mrs. Pinkham's files at her office in Lynn, Mass., would be convinced of the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's Compound.

The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who have escaped the operating table by the use of this medicine. Let any woman suffering from these troubles, or anything which may develop into them, write and get Mrs. Pinkham's advice. If you are beyond the reach of the medicine, you will be frankly told so, but, if not, you will be fully and carefully and kindly advised.

The most serious of all the diseases of women, as well as the minor ills, are promptly overcome by

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

\$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.

Earnest Words of Gratitude.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound has completely cured me of the worst form of womb trouble, and made me a strong, healthy, robust woman. Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I suffered with severe pains in back and side, headache and nervousness. Menses would sometimes occur every two weeks, and one I had a severe hemorrhage which lasted a month. I was confined to my bed and the attending physicians told me I would have to undergo an operation as soon as I was strong enough. I read in one of your little books several testimonials from ladies who were cured by your Compound after having been told by their doctors that an operation was necessary, and I made up my mind then and there to commence taking your Compound. I did so and it has completely restored me to good health. I have gained twenty-two pounds since taking it and my flesh is as soft as a rock. My friends remark about the change in me. I am a living advertisement of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can do, and have influenced many of my friends to try it, which has proved very gratifying in its results. I thank you for restoring me to health."—ANNIE HARTLEY, 209 S. Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill.



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ANOTHER OPERATION AVOIDED.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very grateful to you for the benefit I derived from your kind advice and remedies. I was troubled with a complication of female troubles, had ovaritis, painful and irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea, nervousness, and weakness. I had no appetite and could not sleep nights. The least exertion would cause shortness of breath and dull pains in my hips and side. The doctors all advised me to have an operation and have one of my ovaries removed, but this I could not bear to think of. I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking the first bottle I was much improved. It renewed my appetite, health, and strength. I continued taking it, also your Blood Purifier and Sanative Wash, until entirely cured of all my troubles. The pains have never returned, and my health is splendid.

"Your remedies have been a boon to me, and I am sure many a woman owes her life to them."—MARIE WEBB, 356 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to publish the wonderful help Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. I was like a crazy person—could not eat or sleep; there was no rest for me day or night. Physicians examined me and said an operation was necessary. Before undergoing it, however, I determined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. I am so glad I did for it cured me. I am a well woman now and can do any kind of work. I want this published throughout the land, so that all my suffering sisters may read, and if in any way afflicted with female troubles, they may be induced by my sincere statement to try this wonderful Vegetable Compound and be cured."—MRS. MARGARET BARNFORD, Centennial Ave., Crescent Beach, Revere, Mass.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to send you my testimonial stating the great effect Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has had on my health. I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary. Your medicine having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My system was toned up and I suffered no more with my ovaries. Your medicine is the greatest boon on earth to suffering women."—MRS. ANNIE ASTON, Box 137, Troy, Mo.

TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

Sensitiveness of the Implements of the Modern Laboratory.

The eye and the ear have long been regarded as marvels of mechanism, quite the most wonderful things in the world. But compared with the implements of a present day laboratory the sensitiveness of all human organs seems gross enough. A photographic plate, coupled with a telescope, will reveal the presence of millions of stars whose light does not affect the retina in the least. The microscope, too, with its revelations of the world of the infinitely small, tells us how crude, after all, is this most delicate of the senses. Indeed, we may liken it to a piano where only a single octave, toward the middle, sounds. From the ultra violet to the lowest reaches of the spectrum is a range of some nine octaves of light vibrations, of which, save for our new mechanical senses, we should never have been conscious of but one.

The ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microphone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry. Our best sense is very vague. We need a variation of at least one-fifth of a degree on a thermometer to realize any difference in temperature. Professor Langley's little bolometer will note the difference of a millionth of a degree. It is two hundred thousand times as sensitive as our skin.—Carl Snyder in Harper's Magazine.

Falling From a Great Height.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wympy, who had a severe succession of falls once in the Alps, without losing his consciousness, declares emphatically that as he bounded from one rock to another he felt absolutely no pain. The same thing happens on the battlefield. The entrance of the bullet into the body is not felt, and it is not till he feels the blood flowing or a limb paralyzed that the soldier knows he is wounded.

Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know which limb is broken till they try to rise. At the moment of a fall the whole intellectual activity is increased to an extraordinary degree. There is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will happen. This is by no means the consequence of "presence of mind." It is rather the product of absolute necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the victim. Death by fall is a beautiful one. Great thoughts fill the victim's soul. They fall painlessly into a great blue sky.

Drugstore Humor.

A Philadelphia druggist has made the following collection of amusing missives that have been sent to him from time to time:

"I have a cute pain in my baby's stomach. Please give bearer something to cure it."

"My little girl has cut up a lot of buttons. Please send a nematic by the enclosed bag."

"Dear doctor a dog bit my child on the leg please send some cork plaster and catnip eyes."

"Please send by bearer one postal card. Also kindly give bearer, my son, some heroic root."

"Dear doctor wat is good for tirefoy fever send some quick I got it."

"Let my Johnny have a glass of sody water. I wud come myself but I am washing. P. S. the 5 cents is for the sody water."

"If you can fill the enclosed prescription for 25 cents do so. If not return by bearer."

Ants That Strike.

Certain kinds of black ants have little yellow ants which do most of their work for them. Once in awhile these little yellow fellows will go on strike, and the "blacks" try to force them back to work by cutting off their food supply. If that does not succeed, they will attack the strikers in force or make a raid and get another gang of "yellows" into the colony. But the newcomers, as a rule, join the strikers. The strike ends by the "yellows" escaping and founding a colony for themselves, or they give in and settle down to work again.

Safeguarding Himself.

"Are you a detective?" asked Mr. Meekton.

"I am," answered the man with the turndown collar and the white necktie.

"Well, I want to employ you. I want you to get out your false whiskers and your cork lantern and dog my footsteps night and day. Henrietta's gone out of town to visit some relatives, and I don't want her to be obliged to take my word for anything."—Washington Star.

An Improved Neighborhood.

Mrs. Uppish—Just think! It's only six months ago since we moved away from next door to you. We're in a much better neighborhood now.

Mrs. Sharpe—So are we.

Mrs. Uppish—Why, where did you move?

Mrs. Sharpe—Oh, we haven't moved at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Had Her Revenge.

"He told his wife she ought to take cooking lessons."

"Did she?"

"Well, yes. She sent for her mother to come and give her a three months course."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Unkind Retort.

"You made a fool of me!" exclaimed the angry husband.

"Oh yourself a fool if you wish, my dear," calmly rejoined his wife, "but remember you have always claimed to be a self-made man."

Our days are comparatively few, and we live through each day only once. Therefore it behooves us to make each day worth while.—Ladies Home Journal.

ST. PETER'S IN ROME.

It Takes Many Visits to Realize Its Vastness and Splendor.

It is curious to watch the faces of people as they enter the great doors of St. Peter's at Rome and push back the heavy leather curtains that keep out the noise and the air and find themselves in the presence of the most impressive spectacle on earth, as Byron said:

Majesty.

Power, glory, strength and beauty—all are as if in this eternal ark of worship.

It is easy to detect those who have never been there before and those who have become accustomed to its magnitude and gorgeousness. It requires several visits to adjust the vision and the mind to its colossal proportions and brilliant decorations and enable them to realize the vastness and the beauty of the scene. The more frequently you visit St. Peter's cathedral the greater and the more beautiful it becomes, and after a time you are enabled to drink in with complete satisfaction the fullness of its area, its altitude and its magnificence.

The cost of the building up to date has been more than \$55,000,000, and the annual expense of maintaining it is about \$35,000. An architect and a gang of workmen are always employed.—Rome Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

Spiders and Alcohol.

A student of natural history had been in the habit of immersing for preservation his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes, but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished and that they were soon free from suffering.

On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain.

What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility until at last death came to her relief and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp and became dead! He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

The Parsees.

The Parsees are sun worshippers, and it is an interesting sight to see throngs of them on the shore of the bay as the sun rises, apparently from the sea performing the simple rites of their religion, the fluttering robes showing their fine figures to the best advantage as the day begins. Their religious practices are simple in the extreme, consisting mainly in strict dietary rules and personal cleanliness.

The rigid observance of sanitary laws produces the natural result of perfect health among the adults—large families of active, healthy children and immense numbers of old men, gray haired, white haired, but erect and princely in their gait and attitude despite the naturally enervating character of the tropical climate.

Hard to Classify.

A local wit was one day discussing the mental incapacity of editors with the late H. C. Bunner.

"Now," said he, "what do you think of this: I used to write serious and come matter for a certain daily, which paid me \$20 a column for the humor of my stuff and \$10 for the serious. One day the editor asked me to mark my comic things 'C' and my serious stories 'S' with a blue pencil, that he might tell them apart. Wasn't that pretty rough on him?"

"No," replied Bunner, "with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, 'but it was pretty rough on you.'—New York Times.

Recognized.

"You had a piece in the paper this mornin'," said the excited woman, "about my husband keepin' a savage dog. It ain't so."

"Madam," replied the editor, "we didn't mention anybody by name in that item. We said 'a certain man in the west part of town.'"

"That fits him to a T. You might just as well have mentioned his name. Everybody knows he's the certainest man in that part of town, and he's the most contrary."—Chicago Tribune.

The Indigestible Banana.

"Next to pork," says a physician, "bananas are the most indigestible thing a person can eat, and if you will notice you will see them touched very sparingly by people with weak stomachs. If you can digest them, however, and don't mind the offensive odor, they are very nourishing, and one can make a meal on them that is in every way equal to a substantial lunch of bread and meat."

The Only Chances They Have.

"All Joshua wants," said Farmer Corntossel's wife, "is a chance to show what he can do."

"Yes," said the farmer; "I s'pose so Josh is one of those people who never seem to get a chance to do anything except something they can't do."—Washington Star.

Afraid.

"I would marry that girl but for one thing."

"What's that—afraid to pop the question?"

"No; afraid to question pop."—New York Herald.

As people grow older the worries that formerly affected them only at night begin to stay by them all day.—Atlantic Globe.

EFFECTS OF VIBRATION.

Wounds Have Been Healed by Sound Waves of a Violin.

A man was conveyed to a hospital in Paris suffering from an accident which resulted in a serious wound. This wound refused to heal, and all the various treatments applied to it failed to effect the desired end. The man was attacked from time to time by violent paroxysms, and death appeared certain. At length the surgeon enlisted the services of a good violin player and treated the sufferer to a musical remedy. The patient's paroxysms ceased, and from that time the wound began to heal. The violin playing was continued at intervals till recovery was assured.

In another case the wound continued to suppurate despite all that could be done. The patient was calm and resigned, but nothing could be done for the wound. The violin was called into requisition in this instance also, and the instrument was played close to the injured part, which was bared for the purpose. The surgeon soon observed a change. The wound assumed a healthier appearance, and the process of healing began and progressed rapidly.

It is an undoubted fact that certain vibrations can effect cures, but the vibrations must be strictly in accordance with the malady or nature of the wound. Some enthusiasts go so far as to assert that the character of individuals can be changed by the constant application of the proper vibration.—Pearson's Weekly.

How the Cobra Gives Warning.

The most dangerous reptiles of India and Africa are the cobras. No snakes, not even rattlesnakes, are more dreaded, and with reason. As the rattlesnake warns the ear by its significant "rattle," so the cobras warn the eye by the mode in which they expand the upper part of the body when irritated. This expansion is produced by a sudden movement of the ribs of that region of the body. Usually they incline backward, but the animal when irritated makes them stand out at right angles to the body and so, of course, forces outward the skin which covers them. Thus the neck, or part just behind the head, becomes greatly expanded and flattened, as it also does, though in a less degree, in the Australian blacksnake.

This expansion is called a hood, and so the animals are called hooded snakes. In some of them there is on the back of the hood a dark mark, something like a pair of spectacles, and they have therefore been called spectacle snakes.

Dirty Patagonia.

"Patagonians are not giants, as some have supposed and as the geographers teach," said a man who has traveled. "They are large in comparison with the other South American natives; that is all. Everything is relative, you know. But they are very fat. That is why they can stand the cold so well. I have seen Patagonian men and boys running around naked while I was wrapped in warm garments, with the snow falling upon them in quantities and the wind blowing bitterly. They are kept warm by their fat and dirt. Patagonia is one of the dirtiest places imaginable. Don't go there if you hate dirt. That is my advice to all who contemplate a journey to the jumping off place of South America."

The First False Hair.

In very early days, as now, the hair was sometimes thin, and it had to be eked out in various ways to make believe that nature had been spendthrift to all alike. About the first description extant of woman's hair speaks of plaited locks. Lucretia as "Gretchen braids" to us. To make these braids seem longer silk the color of the hair was braided in. Then they took to putting the braids in cases of silk, elongating them with all sorts of stuff till they looked like umbrellas in covers. The Chinese wiglet is a modification of this style.

The Value of the Ruby.

The ruby is valued highest when it contains the least azure. The largest ruby that history speaks of belonged to Elizabeth of Austria, the wife of Charles IX. It was almost as big as a hen's egg. The virtues attributed to rubies are to banish sadness, to repress luxury and to drive away annoying thoughts. At the same time it symbolizes earnestly, anger and carnage, as well as boldness and bravery. A change in its color announces a calamity, but when the trouble is over it regains its primitive luster.

What Did She Mean?

"That foolish Clarence has proposed every week for the last six months, but the way I answered him the last time will stop him, I think," said Flora in a confidential chat.

"Yes, he told me he would have to quit," said Mazie. "He thought he observed a perceptible weakening."—Indianapolis News.

Beginning at Home.

Jasper—I understood that you had turned over a new leaf and were even going to love your enemies, but it seems to me that you love no one but yourself.

Mrs. Jasper—Well, I'm my own worst enemy.—Life.

Mutual Attraction.

Dorothy—What became of that bashful man and bashful girl you were telling me about?

David—Oh, I introduced them, and in three weeks they were engaged.—Detroit Free Press.

It is just as well to make the best of everything when you can't help it, but you can try to give a little assistance at first.

